THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Corresponding Editor.

For the Lily.

The Wish of the Hear .

A POEM WRITTEN IN SADNESS.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

Come, I am sad to-day!
And I would have you read to me some simple tale of old,
Of some poor gentle sheep, perhaps, that wandered from its fold,
And shepherd, far away.

Yes, I am sad to-day!
And tales of chivalry or blood are foreign to such mood.
When on the soul's high-reaching pinnacle there sit & brood
Hopes shadowed by decay.

Hopes born of earlier hours, [ple stream,
When youth a penance seemed, on pleasure's gold and pur-
Wafted by winds of promise to a land—seen in dream—
Of blossoms and of flowers.

But ah! the treacherous tide!
It bars me from the pleasant shore to where the shadows lay
Upon a sea of wo; and thro' the weary night and day,
I lay me down and cried!

For I seemed there alone!
Alone, indeed! a waif upon a sea all passion-tost,
While the sad wail of those who had in earlier times been lost
Blent with my own low moan.

And since then, I have been
A devotee of sorrow, bending at her sacred shrine,
And paying orisons in the sweet, holy, twilight shine,
With sad and solemn mein.

Now on this quiet spot [strong;
I fain would hear thee tell of those who suffered, yet were
And I would have thee blend their sorrow with thy simple song,
So I might bless their lot.

They felt the lash of wrong
Upon them, yet they murmur'd not, but lifted up their hands
In prayer, and said "Oh Thou who in the Sacred Presence stands,
Lord, Prince and King, how long?

The martyrs of the earth,
Burnt at the stake or battling with the lion in the ring,
Such, such as these, from the historic record to me bring,
And let me feel their worth.

Then, underneath the spell
Thrown on me by the memory of *such* who "lived and died,"
I will go forth to battle, until error's hosts divide,
And Truth cries—ALL IS WELL!

HARLEM, N. Y., 1855.

HOPE.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too;
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul;
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we can less spare,
Is Hope: the last of all our evils Fear.—ARMSTRONG.

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt; Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONTINUED.

We have said Joette was beautiful, and so she was. But hers was not that startling, awe-inspiring beauty that makes us pause, hold our breath, and exclaim at its splendor—not that beauty that dazzles with brightness, and almost compels us to shade our eyes for the moment, to convince us that it is not a vision—not the beauty of the magnificent dahlia or the gaudy tulip, that we love to look upon at arms length, or across the room, that excites no desire of nearer approach; but the beauty of the sweet pink, the mignionette, the heliotrope, the violet, so modest, so sweet, so soft, so appealing, so magnetic, that in spite of ourselves, and our rougher natures, in spite of the discordance and passion of our hearts, we feel subdued and made better by the sight of it, and brought nearer, as it were, to the spirit of Good. Such was Joette's beauty, and you longed to bring her to you—to hold her to your heart—to pluck her as you would a leaf of geranium, and pin it on your breast, near your heart, where its fragrance may cheer you through all the day—drawing you from life's cares and sorrows and little vexments; aye, lay it on our breast, where every time you looked down despairingly, you should see its bright eye looking hopefully up to yours, and take in its breathing fragrancy, and thus mingling the sweet with the bitter, grow softer and better.

Such was Joette at sixteen. Such was she at that time of trial and sorrow, when almost every home in the country round was full of sickness, suffering and death. Such was she when the village seemed one great house of mourning—going from house to house with the cheer of a ministering angel. It was she that went to the hut of poor Bridget O'Rian, the wash-woman, when no one else would go—that bathed her swollen limbs, cooked the potatoes, and baked the bread for her suffering little ones, and washed their faces, and made the cabin sweet and clean. It was she that met Pat at the bar-room door, and fearless of the crowd of listless drinkers, who gathered there, boldly walked up to him, and laid her little hand upon his rough hard palm, and looking into his bleared and troubled eyes, said to him,

"Patrick, Bridget is dying, and your children cry for help. Will you not go with me and help take care of them?"

Did the coarse jest and insult meet her there? No. As soon would these men, beastly though they might be to others, have insulted an angel.

It was she who sought out the old tenement of Solomon, the Jew, the money lender, whom every body hated, and nobody sought, except in their last extremity of misfortune—he who, like Shylock, would have taken the last pound of flesh, rather than have lost a pound of silver—he who sat every day through all the year at the store-doors, and in tavern bar-rooms, or loitered along the principal street of the village—who lived alone, except as his dog, Trip, shared his bed and board. Trip, a mongrel cur, half-wolf, half-mastiff, long-haired, grizzly grey, and ill-favored, who had but one virtue—that he loved his master, and guarded well the door of the old rickety log hut, in which he slept at night. One day the Jew came not out upon the street. Did any one miss him? No, not one in all the village, except the hunch-backed maiden.

All the day, as she passed up and down, in and out upon her errands of mercy, she missed him.—As the sun went down, as the twilight shades gathered over the valley, she slipped from the side of a neighbor, and sought the lonely place. Trip lay upon the broken wooden doo -s *l*—Trip, that would have disputed the entrance of any other human form in the whole village, only lifted his shaggy head, growled a half good-natured growl, and got himself out of the way to let her pass, wagging his tail in apparent thankfulness that she had come. It was a sultry night—no light cheered the dim obscurity within, and only one square window or opening for four panes of glass, let in the dim twilight.

On a miserable bed in one corner, lay the miserable man, sick unto death. "Trip, Trip, seize him, Trip," groaned he, as he heard the growl of his dog, for his thought was of thieves—thieves coming for his hoarded treasures.

"No, no Trip—no, Solomon, I will not hurt you—I have come to see if you wanted anything."

"Lord bless your young life, Miss Joette, is that you? Oh! give me a drink of water, water, water," almost howled the miserable wretch.

Joette flew to a near neighbor—procured a light, and a pitcher of fresh, cool spring water, and returned. The sick man drank long and deep, and then rolling up his eyes to her face, he exclaimed, "God bless you, God bless you, miss, that was better than money. Ever since the afternoon, yesterday, I've lain here with not a drop for my tongue, and the fevers burning me to death, and not a soul to speak to but Trip. It's a fool a man makes of himself when he has no friend but a dog, and he finds it out in the time of his trouble."

"Tut, tut," said the old man, recollecting himself, "sickness makes one childish. I would not have said that to any one but you, Miss. But somehow you make me feel as if I wanted a friend."

Joette washed and bathed his face, arranged his miserable bed, set his water in reach, and went for a doctor, and to find a man to watch with him, but in vain.

"Let him die," said one, he has never helped any one in his life." "Others need me more than such as he," said another. "I can't go to night," said a third; "to-morrow I will if I can," and failing in her attempts, the heroic girl sat all night long with the suffering miser—soothed and cheered him, comforted him. He told her of his past life, of a mother away in London, a sister long neglected, in New York—a sister, a widow, struggling with little children—a sister, whose appeals for help he had spurned, and who would never hear of him again. He told her, too, of his treasures—of a box under the floor in the corner, beneath his bed—of the purse of gold in the hollow of the log by the chimney place. He asked her to see that he

was buried decently, and then holding her soft white hand in his, looking up into her sweet face, he died, just as the morning dawned, and the people began to come forth to their labors.

Joette would have gone for help, but she did not think he would die so soon; and he would not let her leave him, for with his dying thoughts were mingled fears for his money, fears that thieves might come and steal away the hoarded savings of a life time. He said that he "should die—that death was clutching at him now—that he did not wish to live; he groaned in his agony; but yet he would not let her go; and so he died. And she was calm and strong through it all, taking down with her pencil the name of his mother, his sisters and the names of people near them, as he told her, that she might do them good; and when his breath was gone, and the limbs still forever, she closed his eyes, and carefully tying Trip where he could do no harm, locked the miserable door, and went her way to find help to bury the dead, and honest and good men to take charge of the treasures, and keep them to make glad the home of the deserted mother and toiling sister.

But we cannot stay to tell all her charities.—Our story would grow too long, for her whole life was full, full even to the brim of goodness. But when uncle Joe took the fever—when aunt Jerusha, wearied and worn with watching and care, failed, then came her hour of trial, as well as heroism—then came the labor which brings with its every motion a pang and a pleasure—a pang for the suffering of those we love, little short of the pain of our own flesh. So closely are the sympathies of the loving and sensitive bound to the objects of their affections, that they become as it were, a part of themselves. But it is pleasure that we can alleviate the pain.

One week uncle Joe lived after he was taken ill—one week of intense agony, and then his strong frame yielded, and his spirit passed away. One week did the lovely child watch day and night.—No one saw those blue eyes closed—no one saw the slender form reclining, and yet nature must have asserted her right, and taken here and there a moment's rest. But when the last agony was over, and the calm face grew rigid—when the dear eyes were closed, where only goodness and kindness had ever gleamed forth, Joette sank away into a deep swoon, and her tired nerves and sympathies were relieved by depriving her of all consciousness for some hours.

When she again opened her eyes—when the reality of the past and the present came upon her, it was like the whirlwind in its wrath, that threatened the utter destruction of the tottering temple that enshrined her lovely heart, and then all was still—calm and quiet, and beautiful, though bearing marks of the storm and trial just gone by.

Uncle Joe, good, kind Uncle Joe was gone forever, and in hushed stillness of grief they bore him away to his last resting place.

A few evenings after the funeral, as Joette and aunt Jerusha sat upon the old porch of Sycamore Hall, as the full moon came up like a blaze of fire, through the green trees that skirted the farm, they talked of their bereavement, and comforted each other.

"Oh! how lonely and desolate the old house will be without him," said Jerusha. "He was always here, always ready to answer every want, always had a good word for me when I was troubled, and knew how to make me happy when any thing disturbed me. But he's gone, now—he's gone now, and I'm all alone."

"No, not all alone, dear aunt, for I am with you; but let us not dwell upon our sorrow. Somehow I feel that Uncle Joe is not gone—that the spirit world is so near that I almost feel his presence, as if he could see and be affected by our condition. Aunt Jerusha, would uncle Joe love to see us mourning and weeping for him? I am sure he would not; then let us struggle to be cheerful, and to make our lives more true by following out all his plans, and doing all that he desired or would have done had he lived with us still. Thus shall we make his spirit seem ever with us, and his will guide in all we do, and he will be with us still.—Just then two figures emerged from the shadows of the trees, and approached them.

They were Mr. Somers and his son, a tall, noble looking boy of nineteen, who had been at home a few days, spending his summer vacation.

"Good evening ladies," said the elder; we have come over to express our sympathy, and to inquire if there was anything in our way that we could do to lessen your burden of sorrow. Any assistance I can render in carrying out your brother's plans or wishes, I shall most cheerfully.

His dying request flashed into the mind of Jerusha, and Joette's words, "Let us make ourselves happy by doing all that he wished to have done," rung in her ears. The soft tone of Mr. Somers' voice brought back shadows of a time long gone by, and made her heart throb quicker, and forced to her eyes tears of deep feeling. He seated himself on the porch, and they talked long of the past and the present.

"Joette," said Mr. Somers, can you not get your guitar and sing for Henry one of your nice songs. He loves music, and his college life is so dull."

Joette went into the parlor and Henry followed, and they set down in the recess of a window, apart from their friends, and they played and sung together mournful and plaintive airs, and chatted as the young and warm-hearted will do, while Mr. Somers and Jerusha continued their conversation without.

The hour of retiring came, and when the parting hands were given, there was a trembling sympathy with each and every one, unfelt when they met at the evening's twilight.

Let us pass over a year. This visit of father and son to Sycamore Hall was not the last. Mr. Somers had been named as a counsellor in settling the affairs that needed manly interference, around the farm. Daily the interest between Mr. Somers and Miss Jerusha grew deeper. His home needed a housekeeper—he needed a companion, and she needed a friend, a brother, a somebody to fill that vacuum in her heart, that had grown so painful, and she yielded to his entreaties, and became a wife—happy in doing what she felt was right—happy in carrying out the dying wishes of her beloved brother.

Young Henry in the meantime had retired to the shades of Yale; not, however, till his six weeks' vacation had proved to him he had a heart, and that heart had given out its first glowing impulses of love, to the deformed little maiden, whom every one else loved and praised. He found her intelligent, and even learned, and though he had every advantage that wealth and travel, and books and teachers and aristocratic relatives in New England could give him, still he found himself more than matched by the self-taught village girl, two years his junior, and he returned to his college studies with new resolves for stronger effort and higher attainment.

Joette, since her uncle's death, made her home at Sycamore Hall, where in a spacious room in the wing of the building, she taught the children of the neighbors. Her life was one of uninterrupted pleasure, because it was devoted to doing good. She, too, had now a stronger hold on life, a higher object and aim, a loftier hope for the future. She scarce knew what, yet in her soul she felt the impulse—felt she loved and was loved.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Lily.

TO ACTION.

WASHINGTON, GUERNSEY Co., O., August 12, 1855.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—I cannot forbear sending you the soul-cheering intelligence of the true womanly spirit prevailing in our beautiful village, above named, and the demolition of the life and soul-destroying beverage used by the "sterner sex."

Although I was not present on this brilliant occasion, I will give you facts so near as I learned from a gentleman on whose veracity I can depend, and who was present and witnessed the energy and perseverance of the femenine sex.

On the morning of the 9th of this month, Mrs. Judge Skinner and Mrs. Mary Craig emerged from a prominent part of the town, followed by fifty-two other ladies, suitably provided with implements to break down and destroy all the doggeries and whisky shops that disgraced their otherwise beautiful and flourishing town, and with that firmness in right doing which characterize all true women, proceeded to every establishment of the kind, and actually cut open and destroyed, according to my informant's best recollection, six barrels of whisky, six of beer, two of wine, and two of brandy, causing the streets to flow with "strong drink," and saving many a worse than widowed and orphan heart from sinking in black despair, by witnessing their fathers, brothers, snos, husbands, returning to the holy sanctuary of home intoxicated with the demon of demons, King Alcohol; and may the noble, generous, exalted principles of those true ladies be encouraged and applauded by every lover of right and justice—those who knew the right, and dared to do it. Yea, success to their noble enterprise, and may their pathway be radiant with the smiles of thousands of approving friends, and be doubly illuminated by the approving smiles of the Great Author of their existence.

When such a goodly number of purely reformatory spirits rise up in remote lands, it has an exhilerating influence and encouraging tendency to aid all in pressing onward in the path of right and duty.

Much is due to some of the gentlemen in aiding the ladies, or rather in defending them from insults offered by some of the keepers of those low disgraceful doggeries; but in the name of common sense how could it be otherwise? On the grand scale of human intelligence, we believe nothing so elevates man and enlivens his genuine principles so much as the holy and purifying influence of woman, pursuing a straight-forward course, and

> Heaven bless those noble ladies,
> In their purpose good and high,
> And for their progress prayers ascend
> To Him beyond the sky.

And now, Mrs. Birdsall, I know your generous nature will respond a hearty amen, and be willing to place in the exquisitely fair columns of the Lily, the announcement of their Christian efforts.

Most truly, your friend,

MAGGIE.

For the Lily.

CHILDHOOD.

> "Childhood, happiest stage of life,
> Free from care and free from strife."

We look back with pleasure, and even now our hearts rebound with joy and gladness, as memory's leaves are unfolded, and we recall the happy hours of childhood, when we roamed at will o'er hill and dale, chasing the gay butterfly, or culling the first flowers of spring. joyous as the birds that caroled their sweet songs above us, or the sparkling brook that went dancing by at our feet—free from all the corroding cares and heart-crushing sorrows of later years. Through all our after lives, the aspirations and dreams of our early days and years unconsciously linger around us.

Then, as mothers, how important that we watch closely the minds unfolding, and as the impressions then made are lasting, either influencing the character for good or for evil, how necessary that we endeavor to fill the youthful mind with pure thoughts and elevating sentiments, thus laying the foundation of a true and noble nature. It is surely a work of love and patience, and should be esteemed a sacred, a priceless privilege, that of directing an immortal spirit onward and upward, ever relying on Him who will be our strength in weakness. No earthly task labor or employment can be so heaven-born in its greatness. How necessary in the freshness and vigor of childhood and youth, that their noble energies be directed in channels of usefulness—that they be taught as the mind unfolds, revealing the beauties of the immortal gem, that there is an object worth living for, worth striving for—that by elevating themselves, they may be the means of benefitting others. To us they turn with all their confiding love and innocence, and to us, as mothers, is committed the fearful responsibility of making the first impressions on the unwritten tablet—the guide and monitor of spirits that can never die. This is the high honor with which we have been crowned, and from which we would indeed shrink, amid all our untold happiness, did we not seek for wisdom and guidance from the great Creator who has thus blessed us.

MINNIE.

Richmond, Ind.

☞ The editor has intended from time to time to speak on the subjects of dress and health, these being subjects of earnest interest to her, but being unable to write, offers to her readers an article prepared for a different occasion, and published some time since in the Richmond Palladium.

Loss of Health and Happiness per Consequeuce of the Follies of Dress.

Healthfulness is a state or condition of being intended for us by the just and ever to be praised Ruler, and consists in an equipoise between the essential demands of every part and function of the human system, and the necessary supply.—Flowing from this state of healthful organization we have happiness and length of days, and peace of life. With the maintenance of this very desirable state of being, knowledge of our being and our make, of our needs and of our necessities, is essential, yet particularly among those whom God has placed in the holy position of mother and care-taker of our race—such knowledge is as scarce as diamonds among the sands on our river banks. And this ignorance passes into criminality in our estimation, in hundreds of the instances we see around us, where the immortal mind is sleeping in the waters of Lethe, with inert powers of grasping and readily applying to practical uses the requisite knowledge which hangs around us, ready for our reception and application.

Foremost among the aggressions of health, are the follies of dress; and the consequences flowing immediately from these follies, are so portentious with sin and wrong, that they almost make our sex seem like *living to make suffering and sorrow*, rather than living to make happiness. Be not startled at this idea. We are directly commanded with this commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

But what is her guilt who deliberately presses from her being her life and animation, compresses the organs of her body into such a compass that their legitimate work cannot be performed, and as inevitably must follo v its continuation, there comes disease, deformity and *death?* And to what extent is she guilty, who by the same means gives, as a mother, diseased organizations to her children, who are dying, dying, dying, through the whole of their short and miserable existences? We would shudder with horror at the unnatural mother who would administer laudanum to her infant and lull it in her arms to death's sleep! But how is her guilt different who presses with tight clothing the lungs and other vital organs of her child, until its constitution is so weakened and impaired that it cannot resist the attack of disease, or more frequently creates it, and after a few months or years, perhaps, sinks into the long gaping grave. and is mourned over with inconsolable grief.

The life and happiness of every one of His creatures are very dear to our Creator, and we cannot injure ourselves without incurring His great displeasure. Behold he has made us "wonderfully and fearfully." He has created us in His own image"—He has stamped upon us the impress of his own glorious majesty; and how shall we, with presuming and impious hand, mar his beautiful handiwork, for the human being, with purity in thought and action, and with holy and noble purposes, is *always beautiful*, whatever may be the form or features. The glorious soul, animated with divine purity, and worship irradiating the countenance with its eloquent beauty, will enchain the admiration, and call forth the upspringing love as surely as does the genial sun rays call forth the bud and flowret from the bosom of mother earth.

Let us examine as briefly as is compatible with perspicuity, the action of those organs which are immediately disarranged by the sinful practice of tight lacing.

The lungs might be likened to a bundle of larger and smaller cells—the smaller ones are the blood vessels, and the larger ones in which the smaller ones rest, are the air vessels. These air cells constitute the chief part of the pulmonary tissue, and when fully distended are so numerous as in appearance to constitute the whole lung. They are of various sizes, from the twentieth to the hundredth of an inch in diameter, and between them and the blood vessels is an exceedingly fine membrane.—The air cells are very numerous; the extent of the lining membraue in man has, in the aggregate, been computed to exceed in surface 20,000 square inches. Our food is constantly being turned into blood. After it is digested, it is drawn up by countless little veins which are converged at one end, and conveys all such parts of the food as is applicable to its need, and which is in this state named chyle, of which the blood is formed. The blood circulating through the body, is of two different kinds, the one red or arterial, and the other dark or venous. The former alone is capable of affording nourishment and of supporting life. It is distributed from the left side, near the heart, by means of a great artery called the *aorta*, which subdivides in its course, and ultimately terminates in myriads of very minute blood-vessels interwoven with and in reality constituting a part of the texture of every living part. On reaching the extreme point of its course, the blood passes into equally minute branches of the veins which in their turn gradually come together until they terminate in two large veins, of which the whole circulating current is brought back in a direction contrary to that of the blood in the arteries, to the right side of the heart, and now it is entirely unfit for circulation until it receives a new supply of chyle and oxygen. The chyle or nutritive principle of the food, is regularly poured into this venous blood, just before it reaches the right side of the heart, and is then propelled by the contraction of that organ into a large artery, directly to the lungs, and fills those numerous little blood cups. And here is an important movement. Those cups of the lungs are filled with bad blood, and oxygen from the pure air without, is necessary to remove it, consequently free and deep breathing is *absolutely essential* to fill the little air cups from which the oxygen passes through the separating membrane, and carbonic acid passes out of the blood into the air, and is thrown out when the breath is exhaled. The renovated blood, refreighted with life and vigor, passes again to the heart, and is propelled by that very busy little worker to every pert of the body, to pursue the same course and undergo the same changes as before. Did every one understand the importance of free deep breathing—that every particle of the impure blood needs the oxygen of the air to purify it, and that being in an impure atmosphere, or sitting with the shoulders drawn forward, pushing the breast bone against the lungs, which will give way like a sponge and consequently the air cups cannot be filled with fresh air, would they not tremble to interfere by tightly drawn strings or bodices, with such wonderful and important processes? No one need exhale her breath, and with both hands press her dress out to show her mother or friend that *that dress is not tight; why look how loose it is*?

Why we all know, or should know, Miss Funnelform, that you never were created with a *tapering* waist; and if you have such an one, and admire it, it is at once proof positive that you have bad blood, bad health, and bad taste. We all know, or should know, that every particle if compressed, is an outrage on nature, and that it is only by compression that such forms are made.

We have seen it stated by physicians that they had seen the marks of the tightly drawn strings around the lower part of the waist, even for days after the solemn and awful mystery of death had summoned the poor suffering spirit to an account at the Throne of Justice for its earthly life.

It is not any particular form of dress that I advocate. Let dress be subservient to physiological laws. Tamper with no law of nature, for in the end you surely will be the sufferer. It fills us with sadness to look arouud at almost any company of ladies, and see how few, how very few wear the beautiful mantle of good health—from how few eyes shine the pure light buoyant spirits—how few forms are left in nature's comeliness—how few voices ring with the clear melody of nature. It often causes us even to have, temporarily, a less love for life and this beautiful world—to see how many of its fair inhabitants pine—how many wear the ghastly look of sickness—how many have tremor in their limbs, dark rings around the eye, coldness of the feet, pain in the head and back, yellowness, with occasionally a painful flush in the face, all telling with unmistakable voice of the abuses heaped upon the suffering body. O! we would not have woman thus! Buoyant in health, joyous in spirit, God-loving and God-fearing, we would have them rich in the varied pleasures that healthful, blessed life invariably bestows, and then they would move onward towards the eternal home, gladdened evermore by the consciousness of alliance to truth and goodness.

For The Lily.

Mrs. Birdsall—Dear Madam: I fling my sewing aside for a moment, to write you, if nothing more, a few words of cheer and greeting in your good and much needed enterprise. I have not been long nor intimately acquainted with your movement, but I discovered years ago, before I knew that one mortal would sympathize with me in the idea, that such a reform was greatly needed.

I may not be able to endorse the sentiments entire of every "Woman's Rights" lady, but there would not be so much complaint without any cause; and it is no marvel if in essaying to rectify the wrongs in question, extravagances should not always be avoided, and extremes advocated. Men have not done better in this respect.

The subject that has occupied my mind this morning, is the injustice which the present system of laws does woman, with regard to the rights of property.

Many a wife and mother has been deprived of her hard earned means and home, after having been bereaved by death of him dearer than all; and in other instances deprived in a manner worse than by death, by her chosen and trusted protector proving treacherous to his trust.

Far be it from me to advocate, in the least degree, any thing that should necessarily separate the interest or lessen the affection of that heaven-instituted, dearest and most sacred of unions, that of husband and wife. I would, if I know my own heart, cling to it through all sufferings and wrong, if need be, and sacrifice to it everything but my conscience and God.

Every right-minded person will discern that what is for the good of one is for the good of both, for their posterity and for all creation.

I have read with much interest a production which appeared in a late number of your paper on the subject of female physicians. Would that the sentiments therein embodied, could be engraven on every heart, and acted upon as speedily as another correspondent urges the propriety of doing. Every good and just man will wish to see the energies and abilities of his companion as little trammeled as his own, and will be pleased to do all in his power to arrest and uphold her in any undertaking that does not contravene her home duties to her husband and children.

Some excellent men with whom I have conversed, fear that any alteration or extension of woman's sphere, would expose her to that for which she is not physically adapted, and also have a tendency to mar that delicacy of sentiment and bearing which they so much admire and esteem in the home companions of their joys and their sorrows. I am aware I am but repeating the groundless obstacles over which it is your lot to continually travel. Be it so; still I may be permitted to add my testimony in favor of a great good yet in embryo.

Time will do wonders in the right direction, and correct errors. So go on in your good enterprise, and when conceiving that you are *right minded*, you will not shrink from the odium which some seek to affix to you by the term of "strong minded." If you act right, you will deserve the appellation in its legitimate sense.

And you noble-hearted, disinterested men, who are an honor to the name of manhood, and worthy of the appellation of "head and protector," may your numbers be increased, and may you, (as you surely will) reap the reward of your unselfish labors; and we pledge you in the name of our sex, in scripture measure, all the love, honor and obedience that your generous natures would ever crave. It is yours to reverse that old and untrue adage that *might* makes *right*, although such has been the seeming, and to convince the world that right makes might, forever more.

Yours, with great respect, Leaellah.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND. SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

☞ Mrs. BIRDSALL has been quite ill, but is now slowly recovering.

ERRATA.—The editor was pained and mortified at the mistake that occurred in the last number of the Lily, in regard to the time of holding the convention at Indianapolis. Instead of it being held on the 21st and 22d of October, it will be on the 22d and 23d.

☞ The indulgence of the Lily patrons is asked on account of the non-acknowledgment of receipts in this No. They will be given in our next.

CARRIE D. FILKINS.—This lady is now in Illinois. We regret that sickness has overtaken her, but trust that she will speedily recover.

She writes that the ladies of Chicago are taking measures to organize a State Temperance Society. That is a good move, and if they organize and move on energetically, a Maine Law will ere long grace their noble State, and add powerfully to their growth in the good and pure.

☞ The editor wishes to apologize for having lost a manuscript letter from Mrs. A. Russell, of Adel, Iowa. It was so kind, courteous and independent, that though evidently private, some kindly remarks were annexed, and it was thought to have been forwarded to the printers. It was lost somewhere, but our thanks are tendered to Mrs. Russell, and she is warmly invited to write again.

MARRIED—At Dwight, Ill., August 24th, by Rev. J. V. Watson, of Chicago, PARKER EARLE, to Miss MELANE TRACY, both of Dwight.

May the knowledge of glorious duties, and the ennobling ability to meet them, prove a laurel wreath of perpetual joy, to our young friends, that will accompany them through the varied vales of life, and fade only to give place to the all glorious crown, eternal bliss.

DIED—On the evening of the 4th inst., ELIZABETH, consort of William Thistlethwaite. Her useful life was peacefully closed in the 61st year of her age. OUR MOTHER.

For the Lily.

FORT WAYNE, August 16.

MRS. BIRDSALL—I noticed the Lily of Aug. 1st, that your correspondent S. J. B., of Cleveland, speaking of the two Medical Colleges in that city, says she "believes they are the only two in the West that admit ladies to the lectures." In this she is mistaken; the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, has for several years admitted ladies to instruction on an equality with male students, and last winter I think there were fifteen ladies in attendance in that institution.

I make this correction, so that those wishing to attend Medical lectures in the West, may have the choice in the different schools.

It is cheering to those who are engaged in the profession, to see the increased facilities that are opening to the medical education of women, and it is to be hoped that as these opportunities offer, women will be prepared to avail themselves of them, and thus fit themselves for usefulness among their own sex and children; and especially in the West is this reform needed.

There is more prejudice in the West, owing, mainly, to the scarcity of educated female practitioners. There is great need of intelligent, energetic young women, devoting themselves more to this work, in this part of the country, and now that we have several Colleges in the West that will educate women, one of the obstacles in the way of this enterprise is removed, and I know of no better way to move the car along, than for those who think their constitutions and tastes suited to the study & practice of medicine, to follow the suggestions of S. J. B. and commence at once preparing themselves for the business. Yet let no one consider it as an elysian field, whose golden harvests are to be gathered without toil and sacrifice, for while occasionally one by fortuitous circumstances may glide smoothly along into professional eminence, the *mass* of female practitioners will have to *work* their way into the confidence of the people, in despite of the opposition and prejudice of those whose interest consists in keeping them back.

But the history of the past few years is full of encouragement for the future, and those who go forth as physicians, with a *trusting faith*, with progression and perseverance for their motto, with excelsior for their watchword, must eventually succeed. Though you and I may not live to see it, yet I have faith to believe that the practice among our sex and children will yet be restored to women, as they qualify themselves to act their part in the profession. It needs but the careful, candid consideration of women, and a corresponding action to establish it as one of the indispensabilities of social purity and public good.

In hope of the good time coming,

Yours, truly,

M. F. THOMAS.

For the Lily.

Man was intended for a life of activity; and Nature has fitted him for such a life, by so constituting him, that exercise and action are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of happiness, and the development of mind and body. Every organ of the system is subject to this grand law of action—of progress. The two hundred and fifty bones which are the frame-work of the human body, are dependant to a great extent upon exercise for their strength and size. The five hundred muscles which surround the osseous system making the round, full, gracefulness of the human form, are also dependant upon the same principle for their health and strength. The brain, and nervous system must also have exercise or they grow weak, irritable and diseased.

This law or principle is easily understood; when we know that, when any part of the system is called into action that there is a greater flow of blood to that part, and as the blood carries and deposits the nutrition of the system, that part which is most exercised, has the most nutrition carried to it, and consequently the greatest development and strength.

Of course this law only holds good so far as the exercise is reasonably proportioned to the strength of the system. This principle is as little understood and as much neglected as any other, especially amongst ladies. There is a fashionable, wealthy, do-nothing class, who have so accustomed themselves to idleness that they have become weak, nervous, and unable to make either strong physical or mental exertion.

Such ladies are generally very genteel, very fashionable, somewhat pale, and very insipid,—feeble in mind and body, they shrink from any responsibility, where courage or common sense, is required. Some of them have a simpering, please take-care-of-me look; and some, a confident, you-shall-take-care-of-me, expression of countenance.

There is another class of women, who, like Martha, are "troubled about many things" and run to the opposite extreme, and exhaust the system by too much exercise. They seem to be laudably determined to spend their whole lives either in the kitchen, or sewing room; they bake broil, and stew a great many different kinds of material for dyspepsia. They embroider quilt, ruffle, and flounce a great many "wonderfully wrought" articles of dress. Such women generally have a *tired* look, but at the same time they have a kind, redeeming trait of countenance which expresses good-heartedness, and self reliance;—they have but little cultivation of intellect—but far more common sense, than our fashionable, do-nothing class.

There is still another class (though I fear a small one) who seem to understand and appreciate this principle—that healthful exercise gives development, beauty and strength. Their homes are *home-like*—neat, but not fastidious, or prim;—their tables are furnished with healthful, pleasant refreshments—not loaded with luxuries. Wherever you meet such women, whether in the garden at labor, in the street for a walk, or on horseback for a ride, or in their cheerful, well ventilated, well arranged homes, you will find the same cheerful, healthful, intelligent countenance. And upon more intimate acquaintance, you will find both mind and body active, vigorous and healthful.

Should you visit such a woman, you will neither be forced to listen to long complaints of *bad* health; or to a string of flippant nonsense upon the fashions of the day. For such women have time and inclination to cultivate their minds, and strengthen their intellects by exercise.

Lafayette, Ind. EMI B. SWANK.

For the Lily.

To C. Felix Dobbs, Esq.

SIR—In a late number of "The Lily," I read a letter of yours, addressed to a "Strong-minded Woman." I have no claims to the character of "strong-minded," but when you speak of "Woman's Rights," I spontaneously respond to the call, being a fearless advocate and self-styled vindicator of the same. And although the frosts of eighty-two winters have bleached the locks on my brow, and dimmed the light of my eye, and weakened and almost parylized the strength of my hands, yet the celestial fire of heaven-born freedom burns with a ceaseless flame upon the altar in my heart, which time cannot extinguish, and which I trust will burn with ceaseless and augmented splendor in the spirit land.

You commence by telling us that you are affected with a disease or mania which you call fault finding, and which you fear is incurable. I think so too, sir. It is a disease very common to maledom—is hereditary in its character, and has been transmitted from father to son for almost six thousand years. It first made its appearance in the garden of Eden, in the person of Adam, when it broke out by his (Adam's) finding fault with his wife for committing the same sin of which he (Adam) himself was equally guilty. As you seem to know your disease, "physician heal yourself."

You say we are "grossly inconsistent." Perhaps we deserve it; we claim not to be infallible, and that we "need reforming." Why not commence a reformation at home, and by reforming yourselves reform others? The only prerogative of superior excellence, is to draw others into it.

You say that we do not believe in our own theories, because we do not practise them. Let the men but generously remove the legal bolts and bars with which they have surrounded us, and then see if we will not spring to action.

"A pack of miserable cowards, not sufficient moral independence to wear a Bloomer dress."—I acknowledge to the charge, although I have worn the Bloomer costume ever since it was introduced, and hope that my children, when I am dead, will bury me with it on.

But all these specified charges against woman only retort back upon man. Who is it, or what is it that has made woman the weak, ignorant, vassillating, inconsistent, dependent creature she is said to be. Has not this state been induced upon her by the oppression of her fellow-man. Woman was the last, the crowning work of creation. Formed in the likeness of her divine Creator, she was launched upon the restless tide of time, a perfect model of humanity. But in the barbarous age that succeeded this happy period, when might gave right the more delicate physical organization of woman, subjected her to the charge of weakness. And throwing maternity into the scale rendered her dependent and thought of only as an appendage to man; consequently, she received but little mental culture. And as society advanced, and science and literature began to shed their influence upon the world, woman oppressed and enslaved, was left to grope her way in darkness, without a ray of intellectual light, save the feeble glimmerings of her own chaotic mind, to guide her through the mazes of a treacherous world.—Woman has never been permitted to stand side by side with her fellow man upon the platform of

education, and climb with him the arduous steeps of knowledge, and slake the thirst of her immortal spirit by drinking deep at the Pierian spring. No, she has not enjoyed so much liberty as the wild Indian, or the free negro, and yet she is ridiculed for her lack of scientific knowledge. All the halls of science closed against her—all the avenues to the professions guarded with all the argus eyes of the professors—all the offices of honor or trust, either political, civil or religious, are secured to maledom, either by legal enactments or by presbyterial authority, and yet you come coolly forward, and without removing a bolt or a bar, admonish us to take our freedom, as though it was a thing only to be accepted of. Worse than Egyptian task-masters, you require the fruits of our labor, without furnishing the materials.•

Shame on the man who would sit with folded hands and demure looks, without making an effort to remove the stigma, the disgrace that classes his mother, his sister, wife and daughter, with minors, lunatics, insane persons and negroes.

Shame to the man that would prate about freedom to Kansas, while he every night folds a slave to his own bosom in the form of his wife. Let them first free the slaves at home, and there will be no fears for Kansas. If women throughout the world had their freedom, it would strike a death blow to slavery, from whose ashes there would be no resurrection.

Equally shameful and unjust is the conduct of him who would admonish the women to shake off "from their galled limbs the manacles that hold them in slavery," which he himself, with his associates have helped to rivet upon them.

In a kind of masked battery, your shafts seem to be directed to that "prince of tyrants, custom"—meaning, as I suppose, the custom of women.—Why not vent your indignation against the customs of the men who have usurped our freedom, and now hold in bondage, in the United States, more than ten million human beings, white as themselves, and equally as intelligent. Denying them their natural rights—the right of self-government—assuming to be their legislators, and governing them by laws they have no voice in making—monopolizing our employments, using up our earnings, and robbing us of our children. If we have or should hereafter merit the threatened contempt, let it be remembered that woman has done and is still doing much for the salvation of her fellow man.

Since woman took up her cross and commenced lecturing and laboring, the temperance cause received an impetus unknown to it before. And for whom did she labor, if not for her fellow-man—Woman has achieved for herself the right to equal educational privileges with man, and notwithstanding she was long denied by custom, if not by law—a right to the tree of knowledge, by patience and perseverance, she has scaled the walls of science, and now stands upon the battlements waiving the white banner of peace and love and inviting her sisters to come up hither. Woman has broken down the barriers to the three professions that have so long governed the world, and entered their most sacred precincts which has hitherto been sacred to man alone. Blessings upon these pioneering women who have shook from their galled limbs the manacles that held them from their duty. The sphere seems to be enlarging.—Pray, sir, let your indignation cool.

I would now speak a few words upon the subject of peerage. Woman is a peer in her own right, possessing a peerage as sacred as the throne of God, and as durable as eternity. It is that of a mother. Who was George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Q Adams, Thomas Jefferson, a Fulton, a Morse, but sons of their mothers.—Women are not only the mothers of MEN, but the mothers of the nation. Not only this, she was the mother of the Savior. An embassador commissioned by high heaven to be the bearer of dispatches from heaven to earth of a more exalted character than was ever entrusted to the care of mortal man; and her peerage was recognized when she was commissioned by an angel to preach the gospel of the resurrection—a gospel upon which depends your hope, as well as mine to the blessings of eternal life. Thus, sir, I think the peerage of woman is established beyond controversy.

But the world was then and still is too savage, too currupt, to selfish to acknowledge woman's equality, or receive or deserve her ministrations.—And although woman now holds the moral sceptre of the universe, yet her advent has not come. But the ruddy streaks that begin to illumine the mental horizon, proclaim its rising splendor, and when the public mind becomes sufficiently enlarged, purified, refined and exalted to appreciate her services, woman will be ushered into office.

"The light of that day will be as the light of seven days, and the light of the moon as the light of the sun." Men will then know seven times as much as they now know, and woman who has hitherto shone only from a reflected light, will then be as the great luminary of heaven, the dispenser of joy, light and love, to every surrounding object. She will then arise in all the dignity and beauty of renewed womanhood, (as has been said upon a former occasion,) and shaking herself from the dust of those degrading sexual opinions, will put on the habiliments of righteousness and truth, and come forth like a bride from her closet, adorned for her husband—adorned with all the moral graces that qualify her most pre-eminently to become the friend, the companion, the help-meet for her fellow man. She will then walk the green earth by his side, erect in conscious dignity, uniting her love with his wisdom, they will then form a perfect government that will restore man to his lost dignity his lost Eden to the favor of God and his own conscience, and will finally usher in that great and glorious day when "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

The celestial choir that sang a Savior's advent upon the plains of Judea, will then touch their harps anew, and sing in heavenly strains, "Peace on earth, and good will toward men."

"From grave to gay, from gayer to severe."

I forgot, sir, to tell you in the proper place, but you already know that the women have not yet taken the Sevastopol of the people, (I mean the men people,) choosing rather to take it by capitulation or surrender, than by storm. But when the public mind becomes sufficiently enlightened to view their interest upon an enlarged scale, and remove the raw head and bloody bones of the law that has so long guarded this sanctum sanctorum of one half the people, and restore to woman the right of enfranchisement which they now so liberally bestow upon drunkards and aliens, we will then walk up and take possession, believing ourselves quite as secure from insult or abuse from our fellow man in the public arena, before the assembled multitude, as in the private domicil of our husband.

Without the least feeling of indignation, I subscribe myself, VINDICATOR.

Elkhart county, Ind.

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She was a sweet child, little Enna Willis, and her face shone like some rare old picture out of its world of golden hair, and her young widowed mother folded her to her heart, and blessed the Great Father that Enna's hair and eyes were like those that had lain ever since the early June time under the white shroud plaits.

'Look, mamma, its leaves are beginning to unfold, and will he entirely opened by New Year's night, so that I can wear it to Helen's party," and Enna lifted her fair face, eager from the flower, whose snowy petals were just breaking through their sheath of green. That winter rosebush was a gift from Enna's father, and it was his last one. No wonder the child loved it.

"Yes, darling, you shall wear it, twined right here in this bunch of curls," and the small fingers lifted the bright tresses from Enna's forehead, while the mother's pensive features reflected somewhat of the light in her child's.

Every day, every hour, Enna watched it as a miser watches his gold. Every day the large creamy looking petals curled outwards, and lay in exquisite contrast with the world of green leaves amid which the flower's beautiful life was opening.

"Do you want to come in and see my rose, little boy?"

Enna was returning from school that afternoon, when her eyes first rested upon the child. He was standing before the window in whose embrasure the mother had placed the exotic, that the pale winter sunbeams might grant it a brief visit. The boy's large, mournful eyes were fastened eagerly on the large blossom, for it was now only two days before New Year's. His clothes were greatly worn and patched with many colors, but Enna did not mind that—she only saw the eager light in those large brown eyes.

"Then you love flowers, do you, my child?" said Enna's mother, in her soft tones, as they all three stood before the plant.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, but not so well as Mary does. I was thinking, when I stood out there on the pavement, looking at it, if Mary could only see it!"

"Who is Mary? Can't you bring her here?" asked Enna, eagerly.

"No!" said the boy, shaking his head, mournfully. Mary is my sister, and she is sick. Mamma says that she cannot live much longer, and at night, in her dreams, she talks so much about the white roses that grew so thick in the low meadows, just west of where we used to live. They were just like those, and Mary used to weave wreaths of them every May. Oh, dear, if she could only see it!"

"Mamma," whispered Enna, whilst her blue eyes were moist with tears, and she pulled her mother's dress, "please give the rose to the little boy for his sick sister; I do not want it now."

"My good child," and the mother's tremulous lips dropped to Enna's forehead, "God will reward you for this!"

"Do you mean it, ma'am—do you really mean that I shall take this to Mary?" questioned the boy, while his deep eyes grew radiant with joy, as Mrs. Willis placed the precious branch in his hand. "Oh! how glad she will be," and at the thought of his sister's great delight, the little heart gave way, and the tears dashed over the boy's brown lashes.

It was New Year's night. Very beautiful looked Enna Willis in her pink dress and shining hair, amid which her mother's tasteful fingers had entwined a few green leaves, as she put up her little ripe lips for a parting kiss, before she started for her school-mate's soiree.

At that moment the door opened, and the little stranger entered. His face was very white as he glided up to Mrs. Willis and said,

"Mary is dying, and she has sent for the little girl who gave her the white rose. Please, ma'am, may she come, and you will come with her?"

"I've brought them, Mary, I've brought them!" cried the boy eagerly, as he ushered his guests into the chamber, where the light flickered with a strange, wan smile over the bare walls and the old chairs. A pale, grief-worn woman tottered forward, and led them toward a bed in one corner.—The sick child lifted her head. It was a very beautiful one, with its brown hair and blue eyes, but the death chill was on it.

"Comforter," she cried faintly, "for somehow my eyes are growing blind," and the little cold fingers closed around Enna's. "I held it all day, and at night I went to sleep with it in my hand. Yesterday the leaves dropped away, but an angel came to me and said, 'Don't cry for the rose, Mary. In a little while you shall come with me, and gather fairer ones.' Oh, I see them, I see them!" and the light surged once more into those blue eyes, and lightened up the rigid features with exceeding glory. "They are growing there, thousands of them, by a great shining river, and the angels stand there, and its white robe flows in great shining billow to its feet. Mother, Charley, good bye. Little girl for that rose you gave me, I will weave you a crown of those that blossom up there. They are larger and fairer, and I will have it ready when you come, and you shall wear it in that bright world."

The brown head sank back, the light went out from those bright eyes, and Mary had gone to braid Enna's rose-wreath in the great meadow-lands of heaven!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Aug. 15.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention assembled in St. Nicholas Hall in this village at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., to-day, and was called to order by Susan B. Anthony, who submitted a plan of organization, by the appointment of the following officers and committees.

President—MARTHA C. WRIGHT, of Auburn.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse; Lydia Mott, Albany; Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Antoinette L. Brown, New York; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Augusta A. Wiggins, Saratoga Springs.

Secretaries—Emily Jacques, Nashua; Aaron M. Powell, Ghent; Mary L. Booth, Williamsburg.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Marietta Richmond, Mary S. Anthony, Phebe Jones.

Business Committee—Antoinette L. Brown, Ernestine L. Rose, T. H. Higginson, C. F. Hovey of Boston, Phebe Merritt of Michigan, Hon. William Hay of Saratoga Springs.

On motion the officers and committees proposed were adopted.

The Business Committee then retired, and during its absence the Convention was addressed by Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, of New York, who reviewed the rise and progress of the movement in a few brief and interesting remarks.

After which, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Whereas, the spirit of Truth, Justice and Love has gone forth among the nations of the earth, arresting the thoughts of the heedless, appalling the oppressor, inspiring the oppressed, and baptizing the nations with a higher and holier humanity.—And whereas, the civilized mind of the world has within the last half century mocked all previous time by the originality of its conception, and the grandeur of their achievements, and is destined to still further progress. And whereas, this nation has recognized the principle of the natural equality of all human beings, and must not shrink from the consistent application of that principle—

1. Resolved, That it is high time to inaugurate a new era in civil and political government, to resurvey the rights, and re-construct the duties and privileges of man—to recur to first principles and hold fast to the natural and inalienable rights of our race—as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

2. Resolved, That Civil Government ought to be the just partnership of a nation of Freemen, wherein the highest good of all is the good of any one, and the highest good of any one the good of all.

3. Resolved, That every popular government is based upon certain simple principles; as, that the consent of the governed is always essential—that there should be no taxation without representation—that no one's rights can be safely left to the sole keeping of another.

4. Resolved, That we cordially rejoice to know that these principles are more and more consistently applied to the male citizens of New York State; and we only demand that they should be as consistently extended to females also.

5. Resolved, That for this reason we claim for women the right of suffrage, fully, freely, universally.

6. Resolved, That woman's right of suffrage, necessarily carries with it another franchise namely, eligibility to all offices of trust, honor or emolument.

7. Resolved, That the laborer must have the stimulus of wages to work with cheerfulness and industry—the student must have the hope of fame and influence to encourage him through days and years of solitude and toil, therefore,

8. Resolved, That it is in vain that we give to woman equal educational advantages with man, while we withhold from her equal motives for attainment.

9. Resolved, That we will labor on, labor earnestly, labor ever, hoping aid from the thoughtful and noble of both sexes, to harmonize the theory and practice of the American Governments, and make suffrage truly universal.

Rev. T. W. Higginson and Rev. A. L. Brown, invited a free consideration of both sides of the question.

Rev. A. L. Brown, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. E. L. Rose, addressed the Convention, each a short time upon matters relating to Woman's Rights publications, and other things of an incidental character, affecting the movement. The hour of 1 P. M. having arrived the Convention adjourned to 7 1-2 P. M., at the same place.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

On re-assembling, the resolutions heretofore introduced, were again read by Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

The Convention was then addressed by Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse. Mr. M. proceeded to answer some of the objections made to the Woman's Rights movement. He also referred to the organization of our government, and said that he did not know by what right the men of that day assumed to exclude women from an equal share in the founding of the republic.

The Rev. gentleman had not proceeded far before he was interrupted repeatedly, by the stamping of a portion of the audience—curiosity to hear the ladies being the principal motive. He insisted upon being heard, having been assigned to speak by the committee. The audience refused to listen; but after being assured in a mild but firm manner, by Miss Brown, Mrs. Rose and the President, that unless Mr. M. was heard through, *the ladies would not speak*, the rowdies concluded to keep quiet, and Mr. May shortly finished his speech.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose then took the stand, and made a set speech of over an hour upon the disabilities of woman, and their consequences upon her intellectual, moral and social condition. She is an excellent talker—clear, logical and eloquent, with just enough of foreign accent to add increased interest to her delivery. In glowing words, she painted the difference between the education of boys and girls—of the former, adapting them to every vocation and calling—of the latter, confined to a few branches of study, a few light accomplishments, adapting her to no purpose at all. The same difference existed as to their opportunities. The young man can select from the whole circle of sciences and from all the varied avocations—the young lady has heretofore had presented to her acceptance but three—the kitchen, the needle and the school-room, and as a reserve when these failed, to *get married*. She alluded to the thought often urged that woman is dependent upon man, and that she should love and confide in him as a protector. In this connection she referred to the fallen daughters of shame and sorrow so often met with in our cities—made so in thousands of instances through inability otherwise to gain a livelihood, and in thousands of others by the craft, falsehood and treachery of man—and said this was a specimen of the "protection" man gives to woman to induce her to remain in her present helpless and dependent position. Mrs. R. contended that woman should be thoroughly educated—that all the avocations of life should be open to her, and she said such a state of things would operate vastly to raise both man and woman in the scale of existence, and contribute largely to the happiness, virtue and progress of the race.

The Convention then adjourned.

THURSDAY MORNING.

When we went in this morning, Lucy Stone Blackwell was holding forth to some 3 or 400 listeners. The Hall afterwards became pretty well filled up. Mrs. B. did not appear to be pursuing any particular line of argument, but rather indulging in a general review of the consequences of woman's present position. It needed but a few moment's attention to discover that she was making a capital speech. She is not gifted overmuch in the line of personal beauty: but there is no denying that she possesses great oratorical talent. Her powers of repartee while speaking, are quite remarkable, reminding us, in this respect, of Henry J. Raymond, whom, it is no disparagement to him to say she somewhat resembles. As an instance of this faculty, while speaking of the employment of females as clerks, a gentleman in the audience asked, "Why female clerks are so unpopular with lady customers?" ann received the instant retort, "Because they are so unpopular with the gentlemen!" and the house came down with a roar. We venture to say that no man or woman who heard her will deny that she established, as well as argument can establish anything, that the great cause why women become vicious—why unhappy marriages are contracted—why children are neglected and not brought up as they should be—is owing to defective education, to the limited number of employments which society and custom have opened to woman, and to their ill-paid toil. In support of her theory that woman should do whatever is right to be done—which is apparently a favorite thought with her—she stated the fact that she knew four sisters, in Delaware, we think, who were workers in iron, and were making $50 per week and upwards at the business. And they also excelled in education and ladies' accomplishments. In answer to an inquiry, "who would do the washing?" if a woman stepped out of her present position, the questioner's temerity received as a reward this reply, "There would probably be some who would like to wash—perhaps some *men* would like it—and it could be turned over to them!"

After Mrs. B. sat down, Mr. T. W. Higginson, occupied the stand with a few remarks upon the progress of the movement, and stated some facts in regard to the taxation of woman, and instances where men had willed away property at their death which they received by marriage. His remarks were very well received.

Rev. Antoinette L. Brown then rose, and took up first the Bible objection, as she said by request, being the words used by God to Eve, after the fall of man: "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." We have no room for Mrs. B's exposition in full; but she treated it as a prophecy, and not as a command; and she said woman's "desire" *had* been to her husband," and he *had* "ruled over" her—not because it was right or just, but rather it was a triumph of evil over the destinies of man, as a consequence of the fall. She also answered the text usually quoted from St. Paul, by other passages from the same apostle, and by the "golden rule" of the Saviour, which she contended ought to be conclusive with man, that when woman asked for her rights they should to be accorded to her. The Rev. lady then indulged in a most beautiful strain of remark upon the causes of much of the wrong and corr ıption in government, in politics, in business affairs, in society—and of the failure, to a large extent, of the efforts made to establish good governments, and administer them well—which she attributed to the fact that woman has not been kept on a level with man, as his equal, and has not been associated with him in all his efforts, and all his labors.

When Miss Brown had concluded, the Convention adjourned to half-past 7 o'clock, this evening on which occasion Lucy Stone Blackwell will speak upon woman's right to suffrage.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Before the meeting was called to order, Miss S. B. Anthony passed up and down the various isles of the Hall, auctioneering, in a very pleasant and musical way, various tracts in which the rights and wrongs of woman are quite elaborately discussed, which she counselled the buyers to take home, "read, ponder and inwardly digest."

Rev. Antoinette L. Brown was the first speakers of the evening. She began with an allusion to the theological discussion of the morning, and stated that after the close of the morning sesion, a clergyman had accused her of misapplying a text of scripture, and advised her to be more particular in her public statements. He told her that the language quoted by her did not allude to Cain and Abel. Miss B. then read the text from Gen. 4: 7—"And unto these shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him"—and the context showed that the words were addressed by God to Cain, and the allusion was to his brother Abel. Miss B. said if the Rev. gentleman was present, she would return the advice so kindly tendered, with the remark that he should be more particular before criticising. She then compared the text above given with Gen. 3: 16, in which God said to Eve, "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee"—almost the same phraseology being used in both instances, and she asked

if anybody thought God intended to make Abel secondary, or subject to his brother? It was undeniable that Cain *did* "rule over" Abel, for he slew him; it was also undeniable that man has "ruled over" woman, for he has enslaved her, But that was not a command of the Great Father, who regarded equally all his children, but rather a prophecy of what would take place in consequence of the fall.

Miss B. then branched off upon the subject of woman's position, and advanced the idea that it was about equal to her present capacity. This might be regarded as a great concession, but she thought it was not so when properly considered. Woman's position had dwarfed her capacity, just as Slavery had dwarfed the capacity of the negro. And the blighting effect was not only visible in the intellectual and physical condition of woman, but of man also. For when the piping voices and effeminate airs of some of our young men are remembered, the fear should be, not that woman would become *manish*, but that man would become *womanized*. This she regarded as the direct result of female life and education. and hence the necessity of extending the sphere, and enlarging the capacities of woman, for the advantage and glory of the race.

The Rev. lady was followed by Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, in a most animated speech. She excepted, in part, to the position of her reverend predecessor, that woman's position is equal to her capacity, contending that it was fashion, custom and law, that crushed her natural aspirations, and prevented the manifestation of the powers with which she was endowed.

Miss Brown interrupted to say that her position was misapprehended—that she only contended it was the general rule—there were of course exceptions, in which women had showed themselves vastly superior to their condition as a sex. She put this question—Suppose all women possessed the courage, spirit, and clear, analytical mind of Ernestine L. Rose, who believes that the present disabilities of the sex would exist one hour?—Applause.

Mrs. Rose acknowledged the intended compliment, but still insisted that there were hundreds and thousands of women who were superior to their present position. This idea she illustrated by allusions to Washington, Bonaparte, and other great lights, who had been in advance of their age, and enforced in a strain of eloquent and cogent remark.

She was followed by Lucy Stone Blackwell, upon what had been set apart as the principal topic of the evening, Woman's right to suffrage. It would be useless for us to attempt to reproduce, in the space at our disposal, either the arguments or the illustrations employed by the eloquent lady on this occasion. She contended that suffrage should be extended to woman as a right, not as a favor. She considered it the basis as well as the safeguard of all other rights, because until that was conferred; even if one Legislature should concede the rest, another might snatch them away. She met the objection that women could not leave their children to go to Congress, with a sharp allusion to the mothers now in Saratoga, who had somehow managed to leave their babies! But she said of course every mother would recognize her duty to her children as the first, the highest and holiest, and would not permit it to interfere with motives of office and ambition. The argument that politics is degrading, proved too much. If true, men themselves should hasten to get out of it. But the presence of woman would have a redeeming influence. A gentleman had said to her, "You will be insulted at the polls." "Would you do it?" she asked. "No." "Then," said she, "give to others the same credit you take to yourself." Women are taxed, but they are not represented. Let any man explain, if he could, how that fact can be reconciled with the theory upon which the government is founded—upon which the Revolution itself was projected—that there can be no taxation without representation. And so the lady went on for an hour, the audience seemingly unwearied, and often applauding her happy hits. After which the resolutions were put to vote and unanimously adopted. The Convention then adjourned, *sine die.*—*Temperance Helper.*

For the Lily.

REFLECTIONS.

BY IDA.

There are moments when the tide of memory
Rushes o'er the heart with a swell so deep, so strong
That every feeling, save that of deep despondency
Is buried beneath its wave—and there are moments, too,
When bright remembrances of happy hours,
O'er which we love to linger, steal o'er the heart,
As if a quiet summer eve steals o'er the senses,
The low sweet music of some distant murmuring stream.

But such is life;
Like the ever-varying aspect of an April day,
Bright hours succeed the dark ones,
And dark ones follow close upon the bright.
But for each ill of life there is a balm,
For every sorrow some relief, and ever
In the darkest hour breaks through the gloom
Some ray of light to bid us hope, and cheer us,
As the thorny path of life we tread.
Religion is that light, and balm denied to none
Who will seek it rightly, and wi l in meek submission bow
Unto the will of God.

Loudon county, Va.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

FEMALE GENIUS.

"Female genius! nonsense! who ever heard of such a thing? Why, the very idea is perfectly preposterous—genius is something entirely foreign to woman's nature; and even if it were not, I could never endure it in her. I have such an utter abhorrence of these *bas bleu*, or, in plain Anglo-Saxon, these blue stockings always neglecting domestic affairs for law, politics, and, 'Oh, shade of Esculapius! even for medicine.' Women are going crazy nowadays—their heads are filled with foolish notions that would have shocked their grandmothers. Had woman been endowned with the gift, it would long since have developed itself." Such is the language of those who, exulting in their mental and physical strength, have scorned the efforts of the female reformers. By the way, who knows but that while they have laughed at their efforts they have trembled for their own power, and have feared that the reins of government were about to be wrested from their grasp, and they were to receive their just reward? No wonder they murmur at the progress of woman, and sigh for the days of yore; they were happy days, doubtless, when no jealous feelings were aroused in the hearts of husbands on account of the evident mental superiority of their wives, and no obtrusive fears of their intelligent partners going to Congress first, distributed them in the enjoyment of the rights.

Has woman no genius? Why, it has only been a few weeks since the literary and scientific world were thrown into a state of the greatest confusion by the announcement in all the newspapers and periodicals of a wonderful and startling event. Antiquated-old bachelors, from the lowest depths of their petrified hearts, have sighed for the fate of one of the "genus homo." Strong-minded women have rejoiced in the conquest of one of their number. Lucy Stone, the champion of "woman's rights," has entered into partnership with the victim of her fascination under the firm of Stone & Blackwell. Whether it was her genius that has excited so much attention or not, I will not of course pretend to say; but every one will certainly admit that it would have been considered quite a commonplace occurrence had Mr. Blackwell entered into partnership with another gentleman, or, indeed, with any other lady.

For some time past woman's rights, sphere, education, and influence have engrossed the attention of almost every age and class.—Neither authors nor authoresses have failed to make woman the subject of their thoughts; they have written and rewritten, till almost every subject connected with her has become old and trite. But, surrounded as I am by giant intellects; & in the full blaze of the genius of man, I will venture timidly—to be sure—to assert my opinion upon a subject which has perhaps received less attention than any other connected with our sex. Whether the intellect of woman is as capable of improvement as that of man is a question that has been agitated ever since the most remote ages of antiquity; and it is one which can not be decided till man shall have granted to woman the advantages for improvement which he has long monopolized. Genius is a gift of God—a ray from heaven; its very name shows its connection with noble and refined minds, and that it is akin to every thing which is pure and lovely; it is a fountain pouring forth a constant stream of pure water—water that allays the thirst of the mind, a balm for the weary, longing soul; it is a shrine at which the world has ever paid its untiring devotions, but its blind and infatuated devotees, though remembering that God is its Father and that heaven is its home, have forgotten that its light must shine through earthly mediums; and those who have reflected this light have often suffered the disappointed and exaggerated expectations of its worshipers; and often has death been to the recipients of this heavenly gift a welcome messenger, releasing them from a life of toil and care, and crowning them with the laurels which their talents had so richly won.

But female genius has ever been kept in the most perfect obscurity, every lofty hope and aspiration has been rudely crushed, and the worshipers of this child of heaven have not only denied that woman—frail, weak woman—might be the medium of so pure and holy a light, but have almost forbidden her to enjoy its hallowed influence—to taste the crystal waters gushing from the fountainhead.—Past ages have ever asserted her natural inferiority. She has been surrounded by almost insurmountable barriers to mental cultivation. But every age has produced women who have broken the adamantine chains and laid aside conventional rules, asserted their rights, and not only inscribed their names upon the prinnacle of fame so seldom reached by their more favored lords, but by deeds not only of heroism but of benevolence, have registered them upon the imperishable tablets of the hearts of all generations. Is she who is the companion of man in his hours of recreation alone, whose life is one long dream of affection, who, cradled in almost eastern magnificence, cares only for the jewels that adorn her person, capable of guiding the affairs of state? At this question venerable men, men of intellect, rhetoricians and philosophers significantly shake the head; while aspiring collegians and young politicians, with classical whiskers and Byronian collars, with an air of the greatest importance adjust their Grecian ties, and mutter to themelves something about Pandora, Pandemonium, putting a set of senseless dolls at the head of government, and a good many other things that, as Fanny Fern says, "an't in the Bible." But history furnishes us with abundant proof of her power to govern. The Assyrian princess, raised from a humble station to become the wife of Ninus and queen of almost the whole of the known world, with her millions of soldiers and workmen, has immortalized her name by her conquest and daring exploits. Mighty

Babylon, the wonder of all nations, embracing an area of two hundred and twenty-five miles, with its lofty walls, its hanging gardens, and brazen gates, was the monument of the greatness of Semiramis. For several centuries past the thrones of Europe have been the witnesses of female power; they have been the theater on which have been performed scenes illustrating the skill and genius of woman. But for the genius and benevolence of an Isabella, who, while Ferdinand was selfishly endeavoring to subdue and conquer the rebellious Moors, sold her jewels to aid the discoverer of our country, the new world might still have been an immense forest, inhabited only by the Algonquins, the Iroquois, and other aboriginal tribes. The reign of the "Bloody Mary," of the Russian female lawgiver, and of many others less wicked but no less powerful, whose deeds are indelibly recorded upon the history of nations, are evidences of female power. In every age has woman exercised a vast influence upon the destiny of nations. I might speak of the heroic, self-sacrificing Josephine, the embodiment of every thing pure, lovely, and noble, or of the mother of Washington, a name held sacred in the heart of every American, but abler pens than mine have shrunk in profound reverence from the task, and I will not attempt it. The heroism of Joan of Arc, of Charlotte Corday, and of Madame Roland, the bravery of Bona Lombarde, all convince us that the mind of woman may be as fully developed as that of man. True, our sex has produced no Euclids, no Raphaels or Angelos, no Shakspeares or Miltons, no Bacons or Newtons—but it is not less from her natural incapacity than from her being deprived of opportunities for developing merit, that woman has not placed her name among those of illustrious poets and painters, mathematicians and philosophers. "Man dressed in a little brief authority," has arrogated to himself supreme power; forgetting that "God gave him only beast, fish, and fowl dominion absolute," he has snatched from woman the pen and lyre and consigned her to the kitchen.

Who among the ancient Greeks or Romans ever founded schools of philosophy or poetry for their daughters? Who among the Roman nobility ever thought of sending their daughters to Athens to complete their education?—What Alfred ever founded an Oxford for young ladies? These questions receive no response. The genius of woman has ever been developed under the most inauspicious circumstances, and yet the world has produced authoresses whose fame and influence shall not cease with time, who have culled the choicest flowers from the garden of poesy. Mrs. Hemans, frail and delicate in form, with a sweet though sad disposition, has bequeathed to us some of the purest gems of thought and feeling. The brilliant and fascinating Madame De Stael, at once hated and feared by the greatest emperor of the world, who by her wit and eloquence drew around her not only the literati of Paris but of all Europe, produced, during her fourteen years of exile, works which have immortalized her name.—Who has not wept the sweet tears of sympathy in perusing her Corrinne? Corrinne! the creation of an imagination seldom equalled, and less frequently excelled. Mary Howitt, mingling her literary and household duties; the high-souled jewess, Grace Aguilar; the happy but retired Maria Edgeworth, with a myriad of sister-spirits, have breathed forth the sweetest strains of poetic thought, spirit harmonies that shall be wafted across the breezes of centuries, and shall be re-echoed by kindred spirits, who will fill the world with enrapturing song; and perhaps—pardon my seeming presumption—from the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, which has just struggled into existence, and as yet scarcely dares to lift its head in the midst of this literary village, and sinks into utter insignificance in comparison with the renowned and flourishing Ohio Wesleyan University, with its vast buildings and almost innumerable host of professors and students, may come forth a genius who shall not only re-echo the strains of Sappho, but, by the improvisations of her brilliant mind, shall hold countless thousands spell-bound. Old opinions and prejudices concerning woman are fast disappearing, and I would willingly consider that our attentive audience is not behind the age.

From the National Organ.

Politeness.

Politeness is polish, the superficial rounding and finish of manners. With some it seems almost an instinct; with many who would be thought gentlemen, it is scarcely a capacity.

However nearly good manners may be allied to good morals, this thing of politeness cannot be said to extend below the surface; it is outside finish, the smooth rounding off of the angles and gnarls of individual character, to make an approximate conformity of all to one standard. Goodness is no more an essential of true politeness than gold is of a fine polish, yet the politeness of a heartily good man is as superior to the formal polish of a highly accomplished scoundrel, as the glitter of gold is more finished and enduring than that of brass.

It matters much to the mere external grace, whether it is wrought on a basis solid with all fixed virtues, or on unstable ground of approbativeness. The polish of unbaked clay, and that of steel thrice tempered in the two-fold baptism of fire and frost, are very different, though both are superficial alike. You have done little towards making yourself an accomplished man or woman, when you have only rounded the surface to the mode, and brought your manners to the received standard of good breeding.

The attrition is the same on chalky cliff and agate pebble, where the eternal wash of waters wears the crumbling shore, but the same pale dead blankness pervades the rough rock, while deeps of beautiful light and shade, a clouding which seems clearer, a *transparent opacity*, opens to the eye in the worn polished pebble. So manners based on morals are fine and beautiful, but worthless in the wicked, and a show of false worth in the hypocritical.

The cultivation of the graces and urbanities of life can never take the place of inward virtues, but with these is added virtue, which gives lustre to them all. Neither can natural goodness quite dispense with culture. It will no doubt suggest a thousand kindnesses which are essential to politeness, but it will not be competent to offer them in a manner always pleasing or acceptable.

Many a mistaken favor comes to the sensitive soul as an unconscious insult. Good taste and refinement as naturally shrink from rude goodness as from vice; & polished vice may even have the advantage here of its uncultured rival. This is to be deplored, and not be cured by the stubborn rudeness of the virtuous but by a culture as perfect, a polish as complete as were ever bestowed upon vice.—Then indeed the superior excellence of the material will give the superiority which justice requires.

NATURE'S LESSONS OF RELIGION.—The following, by J. G. Whittier, is instinct with lessons of religion, apparent to every eye in Nature's scenery, and audible to every reader:

There is a religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate.—It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes—it has no terror or no gloom in its approaches. It has nothing to rouse up the passions; it is untrameled by the creed and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad bosom of the unsleeping ocean. It is this that uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks link after link the chains that binds us to mortality, and which opens to imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

Valuable Receipes.

A warming pan, full of live coals, or a shovel of the same, held over varished furniture, will remove white spots. The spot should be rubbed with flannel, while warm.

An ounce of quicksilver, beat up with the white of two eggs, and put on with a feather, is the cleanest and surest bed-bug poison.

Indiana Womans' Rights Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Indiana Womans' Rights Association will convene in Indianapolis, on the 22d and 23d of October next.

EMI B. SWANK, Pres't.
MARY B. BIRDSALL, Sec.

National Womans' Rights Convention.

In accordance with a vote of the National Woman's Rights Convention, at Philadelphia, in October last, the next Convention will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th and 18th of October next.

In behalf of the Central Committee,
PAULINE W. DAVIS, Pres't.
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, Sec'y.

DEXTER C. BLOOMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.
Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Lands, the investigation of Land Titles, location of Land Warrants, Payment of Taxes, and collection of Debts, in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory.
June 15, 1835.

New Lebanon Springs Water Cure.
NEW YORK.
WM. S. BUSH, M. D., Physician.
THIS Institution, situated in an exceedingly healthy region, is surrounded with the most romantic and beautiful mountain scenery, and is unrivaled in its natural advantages. It is supplied with an abundance of the purest and softest water, and possesses every requisite for the successful prosecution of the
WATER TREATMENT.
Its conductors having had ample experience in the management of such institutions are determined to place New Lebanon in the first rank of Water Cures.
Their efforts will be directed to the CURING of the sick, not to the maintenance of a fashionable boarding house.
Special attention will be paid to the treatment of diseases peculiar to women—a competent female physician having charge of this department.
Terms $5 to $12 per week.
Patients coming from the South and West, will take the Western Railroad at Albany to Canaan, and thence by stage, seven miles, to New Lebanon Springs.
Our Post Office addrdss is New Lebanon Springs, Columbia county, New York.
WM. S. BUSH & CO.
May 1st, 1855.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Collects Claims in the West,
Office at the Post Office,
NEW LONDON, O.